

MANSFIELD GIVES BEST 'HEIDELBERG'

Actor and Stage Manager
He Fairly Outdoes Himself,
Besides Surpassing Fore-
runners.

ACTOR AT HIS VERY BEST.

Performance, by Its Excellence,
Brings Up Memories of Baron
Chevrial—Whole Audience Likes
Play, That Is Worthy of Long Run.

From Chauncey M. Depew in a box
to the humblest god in the gallery
every one at the Lyric Theatre last
night seemed to agree.

The atmosphere was unmistakably
there—in the handsome new, commodi-
ous house which Reginald De Koven
has built, and which the Shuberts
will manage; in the rustle of gowns of
the most brilliant audience of the sea-
son; and in every moment of Richard
Mansfield's fine production of "Old
Heidelberg."

New York may have thought it
knew the Heidelberg play—for the Ir-
ving Place company had given it credit-
able presentation and Aubrey Bouci-
ault had dabbled in it at the Prin-
cess—but Mr. Mansfield showed New
York it had been mistaken.

What may heretofore have been
viewed as a sentimental sketch was
presented as a complete, impressive
and scenically splendid drama. Every
act disclosed a stage picture which
no other word than "perfect" would
seem to fit. Mansfield's mastery of
detail left nothing to be desired.

The sombre hall in the castle at
Karlsburg, where liveried hunkies stood
like so many statues, was truly the
prison of a prince; the garden at
Ruder's Inn was riotous with the spirit
and color of the student corps, so
harshly contrasted to the gentle beauty
of the landscape; the sitting room at
Ruder's fairly spoke the care-free life
of the dwellers; and the Prince's cabin-
et, which found him back again at
Karlsburg, was a veritable tomb of
court dignity and human misanthropy.

Equal to Chevrial.
Standing in this grim, lofty chamber
of state Mr. Mansfield gave a piece
of acting that carried one back to the
days of his Chevrial in "A Parisian Ro-
mance."

When, with his heart full of Heidel-
berg and the toast to the dear, dead
doctor on his lips, the Prince dashed
the glass to the floor and gave vent to
his pent-up emotions, Mr. Mansfield al-
beit held the big, breathless audience in
the palm of his magical hand, which
a minute before had pointed, a finger
straight at you. One forgot the bray-
ing of the student corps, the clatter of
the struts of last year, the posing
Beaucaire of another season, and re-
membered only the Mansfield of old.

And that first scene of the students,
how it did send the blood rushing
through the veins and make the heart
glad! It was a sight to see the mob of
stout young fellows, dragging dasch-
bunds, bullocks, coach dogs and all
manner of dogs after them, pile on the
stage, scurrying, scrambling and singing,
and then, shouting their rampant loy-
alty, raise Kathie, decked in their corps
colors, high above their heads and bear
her off in triumph.

Here you had Mansfield the stage
manager; in the mode of the shatter-
ed toast you had Mansfield the actor.

For that matter, there wasn't an in-
stant when Mansfield was not supreme
in both respects.

It was a rejuvenated Mansfield one
saw. In the first scene he was every-
inch the shy, shut-in Prince. He was
diffidence personified. Every thought
stopped at his lips, every impulse was
checked at the threshold of action.

He looked daintily at Kathie as he
cried, golden wig and his short, as-
piring mustaches. And he caught the
glint of youth when the Princess
got to Heidelberg and clasped
eyes on Kathie and discovered the
gorgeous truth that he was really young.

Touch of Manhood.
But withal, Mansfield gave to the part
a touch of manhood which made it all
the stronger and none the less roman-
tic. His loving, his noble, his manly
love of a man, not the mere senti-
mental fancy of a boy, and when he
took Kathie in his arms and kissed
her you knew that Kathie was being
loved and you knew that he was
worthy of her.

There was another comforting phase
of Mansfield's playing of the Prince. He
didn't flood the nice, new theatre with
his tears. Occasional drops reached up
to his left breast pocket and pushed
him through the play. Mansfield can
put more pathos into the silence of a
penicillin attitude than most actors can
put into a dozen handkerchiefs.

Wilhelm Meyer-Förster's original play
was presented in its entirety with a few
Mansfield embellishments, and though
there are five acts, the performance
never became tiresome.

The supporting company was excel-
lent. A. G. Andrews endeavored himself
to the audience by his lovely no-trayal
of old Doctor Juttner, the faithful tuto-
rial follower of the Prince, and Leslie
Kenny was almost a copy of the tri-
dental Mansfield in the princely valet
Lautz. Miss Grace Elliott was a bit too
pretty and sympathetic, though a bit too
womanly Kathie. The shy, wistful
Kathie which Minnie Duane gave to the
girl was missing.

"Old Heidelberg" will leave the Lyric
in a month. It is worthy of remaining
there all season.

OPENINGS ELSEWHERE.

Mrs. Fiske made her first appearance
in Harlem, playing in "Mary of Mag-
dalen" before a large audience at the
West End Theatre. On Thursday after-
noon "Hedda Gabler" will be played.
"The Silver Slipper" tested the capac-
ity of the Harlem Theatre. A chain of domestic drama was com-
posed of "The Child Wife," at the Me-
tropolitan, "Wedded and Parted" at the
Bar, and "For Her Children's Sake" at
Clark's Runaway Girls Street Theatre.
Clark's Runaway Girls Street Theatre
and off at the Dewey, and also at the
Baron's Burlesque and Minnie Duane
at the Lyric. At the Lyric, "The Road to
Wellville" will be played.

BROOKLYN THEATRES.

"Vivian's Papers" with John C. Rice
and Thomas A. Wise in the leading
characters, was the offering at the
Montage Theatre. "A Milk White Flag" was presented
at the Columbia.

CHARACTERS IN ONE NEW AND ONE OLD PLAY AS THEY APPEARED TO AN EVENING WORLD CARTOONIST

ROBERT HYPNOTIZES PERPETUA.



Cecilia Loftus as Perpetua.

E. H. Sothern as Robert.

Mary Hall as Lycabettus.



PERPETUA RESCUED FROM THE HAREM.

'THE WAYWARD SON' GETS EASY MONEY

Over on Eighth Avenue There Is
a Piece of That Name Being
Produced and There Are Peo-
ple Who Pay to See It.

Don't take a gun with you if you go to
see "The Wayward Son" at the Grand
Opera House, for if you do there is
every chance that you will be arrested
for shooting hard and with good aim
from 8.15 to 11.30 by the clock. You may
be tempted to spare one of the cast—the
secret service woman—but when you
consider her environment, as they say
in politics, you will clinch your fists and
hiss: "She, too, must to the tumbler!"

It used to be decreed so that "Wise
Willie, the Boss of the Office Boys,"
would attend to such stuff as "The
Wayward Son" is made of and a funny
little yarn would appear about it in the
newspapers at which we all used to
laugh, but when the thing assumes the
shape of that appearing in Eighth ave-
nue it goes beyond the joke stage and
becomes a menace to the peace of homes,
to the minds of men. It needs some-
thing to suppress it, and that something
can't come too quick at Twenty-third
street and Eighth avenue. Perhaps a
raid by Capt. Burleigh, in which he
might be effective.

Why Do They Do It?
Why the good persons who live and
thrive west of Broadway and south of
the theatrical settlement that stretches
from Thirty-fifth to Forty-sixth street
should have anything to do with this
show is a question which is a mystery to
one who knows New York, for really
the best New Yorkers and the best
Americans live west of the Broadway
belt. Yet oddly enough there is pre-
sented in this fine old playhouse a
most tin-horned rant that is pre-
sented in a rage of sort of comedy
which never was.

Imagine the person responsible for
this production getting a scissors and a
bottle of gum and seizing a comic week-
ly, a dime novel and a War Cry and
slicing out extracts which are then
placed in a ragged sort of continuity
and you have the dale dubbed "The Way-
ward Son."

But perhaps those people of the west
side like such stuff—at times. Surely
they didn't last night, for when it was
time to snuff the lighted and they
laughed and they laughed, and what they
laughed at everybody with eyes saw.

All the Old Characters There.
There was the aged parent, likewise
the gray-haired weeping mother, also
the strong like of a wayward son, and
the bad sister and the foolish com-
panion and the tough any-out-things
and the little Chauncey Olcott girl with
corn-stuffed locks as the villain, was
washed on stage on cart, a chief of
police! Now, the only spontaneous yell
that was heard in that house last night
was when somebody caught the audience
police by the throat and made him
"take it back." Great how the gallery
cheered and whistled! But what the
chief took back is yet safely bottled up
in his bosom.

There were hisses for the woman bad
one, "Lillian Hollins, who loves money,"
as the programme said. That might
make one believe that the audience ap-
preciated her villainy, but it really was

because of her disastrous "make-up."
The foolish coon could make a fair
stagger at his part. "The Wayward
Son" don't look anything like what he
might be until he wore the inevitable
topknot in the last act. Martha Bar-
nard, the "Secret Service Woman," was
always a female Johnny-on-the-Spot.
She was fair to look upon.
The hit of the piece was to be a
locomotive that was to rescue the hero
when it was backed into a freight yard
by the same Martha. It backed up all
right and toiled like the very deuce, but
had evidently gone over to Zimmerman's
and forgot the play. The locomotive
may be on the stage yet.
It is a shame to take the money.

ALONG BROADWAY.

Fay Templeton and "The Runaways"
began their final week at the Casino.
W. H. Crane continues in "The Spend-
ers" at the Savoy, and William Collier
is sticking to "Are You My Father?"
at the Bijou.

Edna Bronson shines with all the
brightness of a star in "The Fisher-
Men" at the Victoria.

Orrin Johnson makes a handsome hero
in romantic "Hearts Courageous" at
the Broadway.

On Nov. 16 "Three Little Maids" will
give way to "A Japanese Nightingale"
at Daly's.

"Ulysses" is nearing the end of its
stay at the Garden Theatre.
Advertised like a political campaign,
Harrigan's "Under Cover" is doing well
at the Murray Hill.

Joe Sader causes most of the laughs
in "Peggy from Paris" at Wallace's.
Orrin Johnson makes a handsome hero
in romantic "Hearts Courageous" at
the Broadway.

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give way to "A Japanese Nightingale"
at Daly's.

Grace George's charming performance
in "Pretty Peggy" is attracting many
of her admirers to the Madison Square
Theatre.

"The Earl of Pawtucket" began its
final fortnight at the Princess.
Andrew Mack, raising "Arrah-
nackoon" at the Forty-sixth street The-
atre, will bid farewell to Irish drama
Oct. 31, when he will go into musical
comedy under the management of
Charles Frohman.

"Checkers" with Thomas W. Ross in
the title role, is proving a winner at
the American.
Those slightly productions, "The Dar-
ling of the Gods," at Belasco's Theatre,
and "Ben Hur," at the New York, con-
tinue to attract crowds.

"Whoo-Dee-Do," at Weber &
Fields's, has grown into general popu-
larity.
"The Rogers Brothers in London" will
remain at the Knickerbocker a
month longer.

VAUDEVILLE BILLS.

Ellie Fay, Charles R. Sweet and Henry
Lee figure prominently in an excellent
bill at the Circle.
Ned Wayburn's Minstrel Misses began
the second week of their big hit at
Keith's.
Laura Comstock and company in "A
Day in the South" furnish the feature
at Pastor's.

VANDERBILT FENCE A DEER DEATH-TRAP

Animals Frequently Caught Be-
tween the Pickets of the Idle
Hour Inclosure When Fleeing
from Men and Dogs.

(Special to The Evening World.)
SAYVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 13.—A doe
weighing 300 pounds, in attempting to
run through the openings of the iron
fence fronting Idle Hour, the home
of W. K. Vanderbilt, to-day, became
jammed between the pickets. It strug-
gled for an hour to free herself, break-
ing one of her legs.

Idle Hour employees discovered the
doe's plight and with fence rails tried
to liberate the imprisoned animal by
prying apart the iron pickets, but did
not succeed. As a humane act the men
killed the deer.

This Idle Hour fence slaughters from
twenty-five to fifty deer annually, and
people living in the neighborhood criti-
cize Mr. Vanderbilt for not carrying
out his promise made a year ago to pro-
vide some kind of protection. The best
plan proposed was to run a strong close-
mesh wire netting along one side of the
fence.

The deer in running from pursuing
men and dogs try to gain refuge within
the Idle Hour inclosure. When they hap-
pen to see the open gates they try to
pass when they hit this death-trap fence
and attempt to force an entrance be-
tween the iron pickets they are usually
killed.

Mr. Vanderbilt will arrive at Idle Hour
to-morrow.

HEBREWS HONOR DELMOUR.

Will Have Former Tammany Lead-
er Their Guest at Theatre Party.
The synagogue were crowded this
morning with children who walked
around with flags and received presents
from their relatives. It was the last
of the series of Hebrew holidays and to-
day and to-morrow there will be cele-
brations. The big event to-morrow will
be the entertainment and reception
which will be tendered to Larry Del-
mour, better known as "Whispering
Larry," the former Tammany leader.

Delmour is a large property owner in
the upper section of the city and during
the Hebrew holidays had permitted the
worship in the property owned by him
free of charge. For this reason the
one of the wealthiest in the city will
take Mr. Delmour as their guest to-mor-
row evening to Weber & Fields's, after
which there will be a banquet at the
Athena. Former Commissioner Jacob
Katz is chairman of the committee of
arrangements.

THE FOREIGN LEGION.

The Foreign Legion of the French
army, whose function is to continue to
colonial wars and colonial police duty,
is made up entirely of foreign adventur-
ers, who are admitted to its ranks for
life and without any questions being
asked. The other day a German officer,
attired in full, applied at the local
recruiting office for admission to the
corps. He declined to explain the rea-
sons which had led him to leave the
German army, but after going through
all the formalities usual in such cases,
he enlisted in the First
Regiment of the legion. Such desertions
on the part of private soldiers are said
to be by no means rare, but it is not
often that an officer takes such a step,
and this affair seems to have created
no little sensation in the frontier town
—Chicago Chronicle.

"PROUD PRINCE" STILL SUGGESTIVE

Poetic Story of King Robert of
Sicily in Stage Form Present-
ed by E. H. Sothern at the
Herald Square.

MISS LOFTUS THE HEROINE.

Conflict Taken from Legend in Which
Cross is Used as Weapon for Fenc-
ing Not Acceptable to All—Scene
Objected To Not Expurgated.

In the finale of the third act of "The
Proud Prince," produced last night at
the Herald Square, Mr. E. H. Sothern
resorted to a piece of theatrical ex-
pediency that was, to say the least, in
taste approaching the abominable. So
far as experience extends no actor
or manager has used the crucifix as a
weapon of offense or defense in physical
combat on the stage. Mr. Sothern does
this thing, and to the minds of many
who witnessed the innovation it ap-
proached sacrilege.

We have heard much of "The Proud
Prince" by Justin Huntly McCarthy.
We have heard of how the Mayor of
Detroit compelled Mr. Sothern to cut
out numerous lines in a scene of the
play, which, if shown off Broadway,
would be pronounced suggestive. We
have read Mr. Sothern's explanation of
the place in which he approved the in-
novation that the suggestive lines were put in for
advertising purposes. Here is a sketch
of the production in brief, and the read-
ers may judge if Mr. Sothern has not
brought to bear audience-drawing de-
vices.

The show is described on the pro-
gramme as a "miracle play," and it
certainly is. The period is the latter
part of the thirteenth century, and the
scene is laid in Sicily.

A Tough Robert.
Robert of Sicily—and a tough Robert
he is—roams through the country
seeking maidens whom he may seduce.
In the guise of a humble
hunter he stumbles upon the home of
Theron, the executioner, whose beauti-
ful daughter meets him. Of course, it
is all off with the beautiful daughter.

Now comes Diogenes, the court fool,
driven out of Syracuse—not N. Y.—for
springing a real joke. He is under
sentence of death. There is a scene
with Perpetua, the executioner's daugh-
ter. She hides the executioner in the
rose garden.

The King comes. Across the street
from Theron's home is a chapel. De-
corating the front of it is the statue
of an archangel in armor. Robert
tries to force the girl to fly with
him. She escapes. A thunder storm
arises and Robert gives vent to words
that bring the archangel to life. Down
from his pedestal slides the archangel,
and, turning on the electric light in his
sword, he changes Robert into sen-
sation of the crippled fool.

In the next act is shown the place
where Robert keeps his women. He
has a lot of them, and a shameless
lot. If the Mayor of Detroit really
cut down the dialogue in this scene
he must be a man of most liberal
mind. At the close of the act the
King, changed to the crippled fool,
rescues the heroine from the gorgeous
surrounding of sin.

Church Then Follows.
With the perfume of this scene in the
nostrils of the audience the curtain
rises upon the representation of a
church.

Statues abound. The King, still as a
cripple, is there garbed as a monk. He
is repentant. The inhabitants of Syra-
cuse, driven out by the Archangel, who
is masquerading as King, come to the
church to their devotions. A priest gives
them benediction in Latin, making
sign of the cross with his right hand.
There is much else in the scene, not the
least of which is the incense that is
burned, and the scent, floating over
the audience, drives away the sickening
perfume of the preceding act.

Without dramatic reason the King—
as a cripple and the villain—uses a
man-fight a duel. The villain uses a
sword as big as a lamp-post. The re-
pentant King seizes a big iron crucifix,
fences with it, and finally puts the vil-
lain out of the play by hitting him on
the head with one of the cross-arms of
the most sacred symbol of Christianity.
The rest of the play nothing need
be said. Mr. Sothern acts well; he is a
good actor, and he works hard. Miss
Loftus is beautiful, but not con-
vincing. Miss Mary Hall, an actress of
force, a part that cannot be criticised.
Her scenes with Miss Loftus belong to
her.

In conclusion, we must say that Mr.
Sothern has the funniest lot of super-
stitions heaped on Broadway. Since
seeing them we are constrained to be-
lieve the report that the Hodcarriers'
Choir is on strike with an empty
treasury.

"HEART OF A HERO" PLEASES

Many breasts rose and fell sympa-
thetically with "The Heart of a Hero,"
that thumped energetically beneath the
jacket of J. R. Armstrong at the Third
Avenue Theatre last night. A typical
side melodrama in its latest crea-
tion, and it pleased the people for whom
it was written.

Through four acts, with double the
number of scenes, the Third Avenue
first-nighters lived and breathed with
the pace heroine, with the dark rings
under her eyes. They wept with her
throughout her long confinement in
prison, lauded the bravery of the hero,
and his panderous heart, and hounded
the villain with storms of hisses, just
as on previous weeks.

The play is peculiar in that the hero
is not in love with the fair woman who
is imprisoned for murder. It is from
motives of goodness only that he betrays
his sister, the real murderer, whether
than see an innocent woman go to the
gallows.

The programme proclaimed Mr. Arm-
strong "a man of the people," and an-
nounced that the play "touches the
heart of the brave," the audience
Each of these contentions seemed true
in Third Avenue.

FREE TEETH FOR "TOMMY."

Soldiers of the British army, not be-
low the rank of sergeant, who incur
such loss of teeth as would otherwise
cause their discharge as invalids, are to
be provided with artificial teeth at the
public expense, if, in the opinion of the
medical officer, they will thereby be ren-
dered efficient.

Only Live Fish Swim up Stream

Which way you going?

With a clear head to steer
a strong body you can do
things and win. Both
can be built by proper food. In

Grape-Nuts

The brain building elements are so
prominent that a 10 days' trial shows
renewed brain and thinking power, es-
pecially where brain-fag or nervous
prostration has been at work.

You may be sure that any stomach can
handle Grape-Nuts food and get all
the nutriment needed, for it has been
fed in hundreds of cases where no
other food could be kept on the stomach
and it has NEVER FAILED.

These are the reasons why Grape-Nuts is acknowledged

The Most Scientific Food in the World

It is toothsome and delicious.

Government analysis
The London "Lancet"
Thousands of physicians
Sanitariums, Hospitals
and the healthy, contented
people who eat over

Two Million Meals

of Grape-Nuts every day
(The number is increasing daily)

There's a reason Think it over.

Look for the famous little book "The Road to Wellville," found in each
package.

Made at the Pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.